

The
KWTO
DIAL

10c

MARCH • 1950

560
KC

KWTO

5000
Watts

THE DIAL

Vol. IX

No. 8

\$1 per year 10c per copy

Paid circulation during 1949 averaged over 12,000 monthly, notarized.

The Dial is published the first of every month and serves radio fans in more than 100 counties in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas and Oklahoma, as well as former Ozarkians in other states who are old friends of Radio Station KWTO.

If the numbers 3-50 appear after your name on the address label at the top of page 20, your subscription expires with this issue. Address correspondence and renewals to Editor of The Dial, care of KWTO, Springfield, Missouri. The Editor will be happy to answer your inquiries about past and present KWTO personalities and fill your requests for pictures you'd like to see in The Dial.



★ BABY OF THE MONTH

A serious liver obstruction threatened the life of David Lynn Haworth during the first few weeks after his birth Dec. 29, and he was rushed to Barnes Hospital, St. Louis, for special treatment. As you can tell from this healthy looking picture, he seems to be well on the mend.



★ OLD FAVORITES RETURN — ON MORTON SALT'S 'VISITIN' TIME'

Here are the Jordanaires at their dressed-up best: Bob Money, Bill Matthews, Bob Hubbard, Culley Holt and Monty Matthews. They're back on KWTO every Saturday night at 9:30 p. m., under the name of the Harmon Brothers, along with Penny Nichols, Slim and the Farm Hands, and Paul Mitchell.

in the liveliest half-hour show you ever heard, Visitin' Time, sponsored by Morton Salt Co. The show features a new voice you'll love, that of John Bailey, and is recorded right here in Springfield for use on stations throughout the United States as well as on KWTO. Ain't ya proud of us?

★ GLYNN TO INDIA

By the time this copy of The Dial is in your hands, KWTO news correspondent Paul Glynn will be junketing half-way around the world in the Assembly of God Missionary Plane, a converted two-motor B-17 named the Ambassador II. Paul will wire-record interviews in Lisbon, Portugal; Athens, Greece; Basra, Iran; and New Delhi, Lucknow and Bombay in India.

★ OZARKOLOGY

KWTO News Chief Floyd Sullivan gives us, in the familiar phrasing of his "hillosophy" sketches so popular on the old Korn's-A-Krackin' programs, this reminder that the thoughtless marvel at what is unusual, while the thinker marvels at the miracles we see about us everyday: "To my way uv thinkin', there ain't no use'n an ordinary feller like me layin' awake at nights frettin' about such uncommon things as atomic energy an' hydrogen bombs. At least 'til I get sense enough to figure out such common things as why a crow always flies back to th' same roostin' place every evenin' at sundown—an' never fails to take th' shortest cut in gettin' there without no compass to guide him. There's more that's common to wonder at, day after day, than all them scientists can think up in 20 lifetimes!"

INQUIRING REPORTER

Bettie Low: In the spring, they say, "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." What does your fancy turn to?

Dale Parker: Maybe it's a mighty unromantic thing for a songwriter to admit, but my thoughts are all on a new car.

Eatherham Hobbs: Wal now, a feller my age has got his mind on his stummick when green-up time comes 'round. Next to sassy-fras tea, I'm a-lookin' for'ard to poke salad and a mess of hand-picked country greens all greased up with ham hock.

Lexie White: House! Just as soon as Si Siman finds a new one, my wife and I will buy Si's "el rancho poco," a little doll-size place just right for us.

Loyd Evans: My thoughts are on lawn, flower garden, vegetable garden, and all the things that bring you closer to out-of-doors that you can't get in an apartment. That's why Revay and I have stepped up our search for a little place on the edge of town with room to do some planting.

Bill Bailey: I've always heard that life begins at 40. Last month, I was 40. So—in the spring, this "young man's" fancy lightly turns to just what you said!

MEDITATIONS

BY AL STONE

The person so self-centered that he sees life only from his own point of view and makes no allowances for the problems and burdens of others has yet to learn what true religion is. That is why I appreciate the sentiment of "If We Knew."

If we knew the cares and crosses

Crowding round our neighbor's way;

If we knew the little losses,

Sorely grievous day by day,

Would we then so often chide him

For the lack of thrift and gain—

Casting o'er his life a shadow,

Leaving on his heart a stain?

If we knew the silent story

Quivering through the heart of pain,

Would our womanhood dare doom them

Back to haunts of guilt again?

Life hath many a tangled crossing,

Joy hath many a break of woe,

And the cheeks tear-washed seem whitest—

This the blessed angels know.

★ SPONSORS CORNER

Walter Kiernan's One Man's Opinion, after skipping about the KWTO schedule, has finally settled at 9:15 a. m. This Philip Morris five minutes is considered so typical of the best in American radio that the State Department is re-broadcasting it to foreign countries through the Voice of America short-wave network.

Trimount Clothing Co., maker of Clipper Craft clothes, is new sponsor of the 7:15 p. m. Sunday portion of Stop the Music.

Tennessee Nursery, an old KWTO friend, is sponsoring the Goodwill Family at 6:30 Mon., Wed. and Fri. and 7:45 a. m. Sat.

New spot schedules include those ordered by Griffin Shoe Polish, Walko Poultry Tabs, Eagle Lye, Crosley Shelvador Refrigerators, Lipscomb Grain and Seed Co. for Pfister Hybrid Seed Corn, and Goodman Mfg. Co., maker of Goodman's Vanilla and 11 other flavors of extracts.

★ COVER STORY

We haven't definitely decided why we picked Slim Wilson as well as a lamb to symbolize spring, except for certain theories about March, which is supposed to come in like one animal and gambol out like another. There's a free Dial subscription for the best short, short story about our cover, written in 25 words or less and submitted by a Dial subscriber or a member of his or her family. Entries must reach The Dial office by March 20.

INSIDE AT THE STUDIO . . . NEWS AND DOINGS OF KWTO PERSONALITIES

Little **Victoria Bauer**, younger daughter of KWTO's Chief Engineer **Fritz Bauer**, wins this month's prize in the "Bright Sayings of Children" division. One day last month, while playing quietly with toys and dolls, her mother heard her dialing on her toy telephone . . . "Doctor Jones," Vicky said, "will you come over and paint my dollie's tonsils? They're awful bad!" Mrs. Bauer, amused by this "motherly" interest in the dollie, asked Vicky why she didn't call their family physician, Dr. "U." . . . "Oh, no!" answered the little girl, suddenly wise beyond her years. "If Dr. 'U.' came out to see dollie, he'd paint my tonsils too!"

* * *

As a step-saver and time-saver for **C. C. Keller** and the busy people in his quarters at the Federal Building, the 5-minute County Agent program at 11:30 is now a remote control broadcast. All Keller and his cohorts have to do is switch on the microphone right in his office . . . Remember the day last month that **Eatherham Hobbs** explained to **Junior Haworth** that there wasn't much point putting an ad in the paper for his lost dog, because the dog couldn't read? After Eatherham got off the air, he said his conscious was bothering him. "Warn't hardly fair to thet dawg to say he couldn't read," he mused. "I never did ask him iffen he could!" . . . The first of the year brought a brace of big events in the life of **Zed Tennis**: Stardom on the 8 a. m. Staley Milling Co. program, and (would you believe it?) grandfatherhood! Wanda Jean, his younger daughter, who married Jack Dixon at 15 and lives near Bakersfield, Cal., is the mother of a baby girl, Gail Louanna.

* * *

George Earle bought **Rickie**, for his third birthday, a handsome gray and blue snow suit, and just for the fun the generous clerk dropped three all-day suckers in the box before wrapping it in festive paper. Imagine the letdown for Daddy when Rickie ripped off the wrapper, rummaged in the tissue paper, ignored the snowsuit, and pulled out the suckers, howling, "Ohhhhhh Boy! Candy!" . . . When **C. C. the Weatherman** sent in his March column for *The Dial* he signed himself "Felix Mendelssohn Williford." Read it—and guess why . . . The *Lamar Democrat* was mightily impressed with the crowd of 1500 he drew for an early February REA meeting in that community. Restaurants were overflowing at the noon hour, and half the crowd couldn't even get in Memorial Hall. "Biggest Thing

Since Truman!" exclaimed the local paper. (C. C. was pretty tired of wearing that old hat, anyway.)

* * *

Si and Rosie Siman, Radiozark's **John Mehaffey**, **Bob** and **Waneta White** and **Sue Thompson's** sister, **Sally Dixon**, were among the guests at **Shorty's** and **Sue's** new home near Walnut Grove for a home-grown beef dinner to celebrate completion of the third series of **Saddle Rockin' Rhythm** transcriptions. All of them were exhausted after a week of day-and-night work, amazed at the speed with which Sue put together such a delicious dinner, made a big dent in the cornbread and pumpkin pie . . . "Nothin' special," said Shorty (who didn't have to do any of the cooking). "We just doubled the usual order." . . . They moved last November into their 8-room modern ranch home of native brown rock, finished with hardwood floors and knotty pine walls, with panel-ray heating set into the walls and a homey fireplace 7½ feet long. The 70-acre property has four springs, two wells, plenty of room for Gary's mare, Wayne's pony, chickens and some livestock.

* * *

Lonnie, Thelma and **Jarrett Robertson** report friendly good times with staff entertainers of KLWT, Lebanon, at two personal appearances in the Community Building there, with Jarrett, as usual, bringing down the house with his fiddlin' . . . KWTO parents are agreed in their admiration of Jarrett, his unspoiled, unself-conscious sweetness. The Robertsons visit often with **George** and **Alice Rhodes**, and **Jarrett** and **Billy** are untiring playmates. They spend hours at Cowboy and Indian with frequent interruptions in the "hostilities." A "truce" is declared every 10 or 15 minutes while Billy, who is confined to his wheelchair, surrenders his cap pistols to Jarrett for re-loading . . . The Robertsons look forward to spring, which means more time at the farm near Lutie. Their last visit there was the Saturday and Sunday of Christmas weekend, when Lonnie and Jarrett went quail hunting.

SAM'S ALMANAC

The Breakfast Club's Boswell of odd bits of fact and fiction, Sam Cowling, recently emblazoned a page of his famous Almanac with the following gem:

"Because a wife keeps her husband in hot water, it doesn't necessarily make him tender."

JOHN E. PEARSON

FROM THE BRUSH
TO THE BIG TIME



Remember (left) this wistful-looking lad with the pale blue eyes?

The picture was taken 17 years ago, when radio was a struggling newcomer to the Ozarks—and so was John Pearson, newscaster and market reporter.

Success as a radio advertising executive may have filled out his face but otherwise he hasn't changed much.



Dorothy Shay (who probably spells it as in "One-Hoss Shay" on purpose) styles herself the "Park Avenue Hillbilly" for purely professional reasons. Her twangy take-offs on hill country tales and ballads are considered super-smart in the soft-lights-and-sequins spots of both Manhattan and the movie coast, when actually, her style is about as rustic as the Stork Club.

But KWTO can claim, as an alumnus, an honest-to-goodness Park Avenue Hillbilly. He not only lives on Park Avenue, in an elegant apartment with period furniture and a 200-year-old bed bought for the late John Barrymore by his first wife. He even has his office at 77 Park Avenue, four minutes' walking distance away!

It's a long way from farm country around Cape Girardeau to the canyons of New York; from market reporter in the heart of the hill country to Manhattan executive. One reason why John E. Pearson has taken it in stride is because his Missouri accent, his Ozarkian straightforwardness and his love for his home country went right along with him. He never pretended to be a big town big-timer, never wasted any time hanging a lot of fancy, citified trimmings on his accent or his personality.

"Pore folks has pore ways," Pearson would explain to his business associates when he worked out some new way to make his company's operation more efficient—and more economical. And, when he re-

luctantly moved to New York from Chicago, he apologized for leasing an apartment in the same building where Winthrop Rockefeller occupies the entire 11th floor. "Only handy thing I could get," he said, "but it don't seem right. We're the only pore people in the whole place."

John Pearson came to Springfield in 1922, a scrawny, intense youngster who yearned to be a reporter. He worked under two of Springfield's finest newspaper men, Walter Brunkhorst and Floyd Sullivan, earning experience on police and sports beats, edited the Union Stockyards Market Reporter for two years, published an MFA paper, then headed for radio and a brilliant future when Ralph Foster opened the first Springfield station in 1932. First he was market reporter. Then he started three 15-minute newscasts daily, running them for a month, without pay, to prove they'd "catch on." Before long he was newscaster, market reporter, early morning announcer, organizer and booster of the Goodwill Family and—by 1936—Sales Manager.

John took his big leap toward national prominence a couple of years later. National advertisers like Oxydol, Griffin, Dr. Pierce wanted to know what local stations were good buys. Local stations all over the country wanted to contact those advertisers. Why not set up an office that would bring the two together?

(Continued on page TWELVE)

★ IF I WERE A COLUMNIST, THIS IS WHAT I'D LIKE TO WRITE ABOUT

By Thelma Robertson

If I did write a column—and the very idea of it scares me half to death—I believe I'd first of all answer this question that a lot of folks ask me: "With all the bustle and excitement of radio, how do you manage your household? How do you organize home life for Lonnie and Jarrett? How on earth do you get through the day?"

In the first place, radio is a lot like any other kind of business—farming, like Lonnie's brother does on a big scale in north Missouri, or running a general store like my brother does at Lutie. We don't think about everything going along on schedule, but it does, with "chores" set for certain times of day.

Lonnie and I are up as early as if we had cows to tend—the alarm goes off at 4:45, we have coffee, and get to the station at 5:30 to make out our 6 o'clock program. Jarrett gets up when we get home at 6:15, breakfast is at 7—bacon and eggs, toast and jelly or jam. (I have a cousin who runs the cannery at the School of the Ozarks, and I go by his strawberry jam recipe. My family loves it!)

From 7:30 to 8:30, when the school bus comes, is Jarrett's "brush up" time. He and Lonnie spend it together working on his spelling, arithmetic, violin, or other homework he wants to go over once again, while I do the dishes, make the beds and clean. We get back to the station at 9:45 to rehearse for the Farm Hour, and I try to help Eatherham and Junior find some new jokes. It's really funny the way everybody on the program will look at me to help him if Eatherham, poor old thing, misses a cue. Jarrett has a hot lunch at school and Lonnie and I have 12:30 soup and sandwiches, feed the dog, Skipper, and play with him, and I do dishes, mending, some washing and ironing until we go back to the station for our 2:45 program. At 3 we're through, stop for Jarrett at school at 3:30, do whatever marketing is necessary, and get home by 4.

Then I take it easy until time to get dinner. Since I use a pressure cooker all the time, and often those new 7-minute rolls, I can get a big meal on the table in an hour. Weekends are saved for heavy marketing and baking of fruit pies and cookies, although I make angelfood cake a good deal during the week. We love ice cream, too, especially banana, and make all kinds—in the refrigerator in winter and the freezer in summer. Lonnie helps with the dinner dishes and they're done by 7.

We try to limit our personals to one or, at most, two a week, and get those on

weekends so we'll get plenty of rest. They're part of our family fun—just like other folks would go off to a neighborhood party or pie supper. And we have considerable company and "visit around," going to the farm at Lutie on free weekends, exchanging visits with the Rhodes family, relatives here and near Rogersville. Sunday mornings, Jarrett and I are off to Sunday school and church unless there's been such a late return from a personal that he needs his sleep.

I guess it all sounds pretty dull, instead of exciting, but it's a life we like. One of the nicest things about it is that we have a chance to enjoy and work with Jarrett so much, and to be closer to our son than if he wasn't interested in the same things we are. You don't often find that kind of companionship except in farm families.

FROM THE FILES

. . . A DIAL REVIEW

7 Years Ago This Month

New KWTO stage show, "Korn's-A-Krackin'," with Weaver Brothers and Elvir, goes on tour . . . Zed Tennis in Spotlight.

6 Years Ago This Month

Ozarko Rangers pictured on front page. Lexie White, one of the Ozarko Rangers, now heard on the Taystee program at 8:15 a. m. . . . Bill Bailey called to Navy . . . Doctor orders rest for Slim Wilson.

5 Years Ago This Month

Big crowd drawn by Hillbilly Hit Parade in Community Building . . . Don Sullivan the proud owner of a silver-mounted saddle.

4 Years Ago This Month

Bill Bailey, Junior Haworth, Bob White, Bill Ring and Paul Mitchell tell of interesting experiences in the service . . . Clifford Patterson and two sons pictured on front page.

3 Years Ago This Month

Surprise bonus for limerick contest winner Mrs. E. C. Sechler of Springfield . . . Fran Booton in Spotlight (now in Des Moines).

2 Years Ago This Month

The first issue of the new magazine-size Dial . . . Aunt Martha in Spotlight . . . Reuel Haymes snaps Bill Matthews preparing formula for young son, Ricky . . . Carol Lynn White is baby of the month.

1 Year Ago This Month

Featured in picture section: Al and Lee Stone, Joe and Mary Slattery and son Jimmy . . . Bill and Thelma Ring have a wonderful vacation in Chicago. (Bill now on a network of five Texas stations for Taystee Bread.)

THE SPOTLIGHT

PERSONAL HISTORIES
OF AL AND LEE STONE

The sweet and simple story of the Stones, Al and Lee, is a powerful argument in favor of three factors missing in the lives of many modern families:

First, a wholesome, active background of athletics.

Second, a joy in the out-of-doors, in the "sermons in stones" and streams and the intimate beauties of forest and countryside.

Third, plenty of music to charm away gloom, to take the edge from old fears and disappointments with the gaiety of familiar songs and the comfort of familiar hymns.

Both Al Stone and Lela Woodbury grew up in St. Joseph, Mo., although Al was 19 when he was chosen deacon of the Wyatt Park Christian Church, and first met and fell in love with the slender, lovely organist with the chestnut hair and mellow brown eyes. And he'd gladly have given up his prominent role as choir director to take on the lowly task of working the hand-pump on the organ!

It was almost inevitable that a similarity of family background and a mutual love of music and church affiliation should bring them together.

Al was born in 1897 in Plano, Iowa, and two years later his father left the farm for St. Jo, where he worked with a wholesale drygoods company for 37 years without missing a paycheck. Lee's father, too, had been a farmer.

Al's father had studied violin and piano at an Iowa conservatory and his two sons were started on violin and an old Kimball organ when they were quite small. They always took part in school theatricals and choral work, and Al still remembers his debut as Humpty-Dumpty, at the age of seven, in a big blousy costume stuffed with pillows. "I was proud as a peacock!"

Lee's father had a magnificent bass voice, loved music, and saw to it that each of his children played some musical instrument, and played it well. Her three brothers played piano, clarinet, cornet and trombone, her sister was a violinist, and Lee was an adept at both piano and organ. After Al met Lee, he confesses, "I fell almost as much in love with her family. It was wonderful to spend an evening with their 'family orchestra,' booming away on 'Let the Rest of the World Go By' and 'Til the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold,' and winding up an evening session with the old hymns."

As youngsters, Al and Verne, two years older, were a Damon and Pythias team of brothers who fought each others battles, studied together, preferred each others com-

pany, and explored the delights of Boy Scout-hood before there was such an organization. Fall found them playing the old form of football (rugby) on the school team, with poor Al as center and Verne pulling off 14 or 15 players who had piled on top of him after each scrimmage. During the winter they played basketball, heckled the town dog catcher by letting all the strays out of his cart, and skated almost every evening in the park a short distance away. In early spring they were into the woods, swimming, making cherrywood flutes and whistles when the sap was running, cooking their own meals (the potatoes were always raw in the middle), and camping out on fine evenings, with Mrs. Stone's permission, in their own secret cave at the edge of town. "Do boys still have so much fun?" Al wonders.

And Lee, as a girl, had similar interests. There were many athletes in the Woodbury family, including Olympic track stars. Her forte was basketball, and she played guard on one of the outstanding high school teams in the state, wearing the long bloomers and middy-blouses of the period. "Ours was a family of picknickers," she recalls, "and one of my prized possessions was a pair of hiking shoes with 13 buttons!"

While Al, in his teens, was spending six years as a member of a paid church quartet without missing a single service, Lee was equally faithful to piano and organ at high school functions and Sunday School. Al began, at 16, singing with Ralph Foster and two other friends, and for three straight years they won the silver loving cup awarded by International Cooperative Club conventions for the best quartet.

Al had gone to work for a wholesale electrical supply house when he got out of high school, and the company put him on the road when he was 21. "Go pick up a Ford roadster that's waiting at the agency and cover the Kansas-Nebraska territory," his boss told him.

Al had never driven a car before, "but I learned," he laughs, "on the worst and muddiest roads you can imagine. Once the car stopped dead on a Kansas road. I didn't know a thing about it, but I'd heard you could fix a Ford with baling wire, so I cut a piece out of a fence, wired up something that looked loose, and up she started again. That," he twinkles, "gave me such a feeling of triumph I decided it was time to get married!"

Al traveled for some 10 years and then took a job with WHB, Kansas City, where

(Continued on page SIXTEEN)

"FAIR AND WARMER" . . .

COLUMN OF COMMENT
By C. C. WILLIFORD

By the time this issue of the Dial reaches you we will be well into the first days of the first spring month. Old Mother Earth, in her endless journey around the sun, will have reached that point in her orbit when the sun will be getting ready to move out of the sign of Pisces, the fish, and move into the sign of Aries, the Ram. On the 20th day of this month it will appear to be directly above the equator and spring will astronomically commence in the northern hemisphere. In the Ozarks, spring is always a revelation, and in our hearts, minds and souls we can all sing with Old King Solomon: "For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of the birds is come and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." So impressive was this joyful song of the wise old Biblical king that they named a famous stage play from his quotation. "The Voice of the Turtle" not only had a long Broadway run, but was also made into a movie.

Yes, March, like a blustering lad, is back with lovely tumult in the hills. Already the delicate white of the wild plum and sarvis blossoms are showing up among the cedars in the Taney County hills. Children are carrying sprays of silvery pussy willows to grace the school teacher's desk. Islands of yellow jonquils are showing up on most every town and country lawn. In the woods the red bud is beginning to show pale pink in the ever swelling buds, while the blue birds flit among the branches. On the farm fields the wheat, rye and barley is already a deep, lush, green and the tender shoots of February-sown oats are starting to push through the ground. Long furrows of freshly-turned, sweet-smelling earth follow every tractor or horse-drawn plow, while stiff-legged little lambs romp gaily up the nearby hillsides.

In every town and rural school playground, boys are shooting marbles or jerking brightly colored kites high in the March winds. In the State Parks and other designated areas hundreds of fishermen will be casting their flies at the wary rainbow trout shooting darkly through the crystal waters, for there man can forget the cares of the work-a-day world. Now has the season arrived in the Ozarks where each new-born day cries out in exultation at the joy of the life ahead, while the songs of hundreds of music-throated birds herald the dawn. Now each setting sun trails rosy fingers caressingly across the velvet hills to disappear at

last and leave a quivering earth to calm and languor, awaiting the kiss of the first spring moon.

In Washington, President Truman can see spring right outside his temporary White House window, for a white jasmine and the yellow forsythia are starting to bloom on the Blair House lawn, and the violets are showing their bright blue faces around the State and War Departments. No doubt the President himself sighs his soul back to the days when, as a country boy back in Missouri, with his dog, he drove the cows up from the meadow for milking and his whistle drifted up the hillsides, carefree, sweet and boyish, while the cows walked contentedly ahead, pausing now and then to nip a succulent green sprout shooting up through the cool soil. There were no cares of State then—no strikes, taxes, defense, foreign relief, national economy, reluctant congressmen or senators—and especially no hydrogen bomb worries to crease his brow in those days.

Yes, this morning's radio news reports and the newspaper headlines may be fearful and ominous—they may tell us that Communism is still spreading, that more millions of people across the seas have been enslaved. A great scientist may have just told us more about a new weapon, far more powerful and deadly than ever before known. The distant hooves of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse may faintly echo through the ether waves. But only the ears of man hear these horrible and dismal things. Peace still enfolds the world of wild things—they see and hear nothing of these man-made terrors.

Supper is the paramount problem of the red-breasted robin hopping about in the dusk watching for an unwary worm or bug. A summer home among the marshes is the sole thought of the wild geese and ducks winging their way back toward the north. It's once more spring in the Ozarks, and apple blossoms will soon fill the air. Everything is again calling to a new birth and a resurrection. Yes, spring is back with its never-failing promise—that the world and civilization might die but even they will be born again!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO:

- Floyd SullivanMarch 1
- Doc Martin.....March 15
- Norman Rude.....March 23
- Genie Cain.....March 31

REUEL HAYMES' FLASHES IN THE KWTO PANORAMA



1. By request—a picture of the mad and merry Korn Kobblers, who give you an afternoon "lift" over KWTO at 2:30 p. m. Left to right, back row: Edwin Grosso, Stan Fritts (emcee, singer, trombonist and auto horn and washboard music-maker), Nels Laakso (player of cornet, trumpet and ocharine, and singer of ballads). Front row: Marty Gold (pianist and arranger), Charlie Koenig (bass), Ed McElroy (drums and cowbells). You can understand why the troupe is called "the band of a thousand gadgets."

2. Johnny Olsen, emcee of the Philip Morris Ladies Be Seated show heard at 3 p. m. over KWTO, hears from Mrs. Madora Greenleaf how to live to be 100. She celebrated her hundredth birthday as a guest on his program, advised him to be early to bed and to rise, work hard and "trust in God."

3. Bill, Rhea Beth and Louise Bailey were full of wonderful "vittles," after Bill's birthday party at Aunt Martha and Everett Baty's, and say so with their smiles for Reuel's camera.

4. Another birthday guest of honor was Shirley Jean Haworth, who beams her pleasure while her mother and sister, Donna Fay, watch "Daddy" (Junior) christen her new savings bank with a 25-cent deposit. Other guests: Bunny and Chuck Hesington, Nadine and Paul Adams, Revay and Loyd Evans.



LOOKIN' AT YOU

... BY FLOYD SULLIVAN

Back in the days when the Ozarks region of South Missouri and North Arkansas had neither daily newspapers nor radio stations, news, for the most part, was circulated by word of mouth. Naturally, the story became more colorful and dramatic with each retelling, because each story teller added something of his own to it.

In those days, it wasn't unusual for news stories to be told in rhyme. Early day Ozarkians seemed to have a flair for writing what they called "poetry." These rhymes, each telling some story of the hill country, often were recited at box suppers and other social gatherings, and verses added as they circulated from one community to another. In some instances, an old-time fiddler or guitar player would set the rhyme to music and a ballad was born. I can recall that as a child I heard a song telling the story of the Battle of Wilson Creek and another dealing with the Marshfield cyclone.

It is only reasonable to suppose that most songs of that type are forgotten, since the public lost interest in them when the stories they told became too old to be of further interest. Nevertheless, it is unfortunate that a few of them were not preserved because they pointed up an interesting chapter in the history of the Ozarks. Folklorists are interested in them because their ballad form goes back from 600 to 1000 years.

As you know, this is campaign year and it isn't wise to let your baby wander far from home unattended, unless you want it to be kissed by some ambitious candidate for office.

Now that the congressional campaigns are warming up a bit, foreign propagandists can take a vacation until after the November elections. Meanwhile, we will say enough mean things about our own government to satisfy all foreign critics.

While searching through a clothes closet, the Never-Silent-Partner found a 15-year-old bathrobe, which was still in very good condition. She said that I could still get considerable wear out of it, if the collar and cuffs were refaced. When the robe came back from the tailor shop, I timidly ventured the comment that it looked almost as good as new.

"Yes, it does," she said. "Now see if you can take care of it." As if I hadn't!

"LUCKY SUBSCRIBER" CONTEST

We're sorry to try your patience in announcing winners to the Dial "Lucky Subscriber" Contest, which closed Feb. 1, but please try to wait one more month. Our contest judge pleads the need for that much time to give every one of the hundreds upon hundreds of entries a fair reading, and we have been glad to grant the extension. Final judging will be completed March 24.

PEARSON

(Continued from page FIVE)

The John E. Pearson Co., National Representatives, opened in Chicago with two stations on its list, two salesmen, two secretaries and crossed fingers. It now has over 50 clients, 26 employees, offices in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago and New York, and a nation-wide reputation for speed and thoroughness in servicing accounts. Pearson is the only representative in the business furnishing his clients a complete news letter every week. "Just like a country paper," he explains, "it keeps us all on the same grapevine."

The concentration of national spot business in the east made it necessary for John to move there a year ago, although on visits to KWTO at that time he mourned the distance it put between him and Ozarks fishing and hunting grounds. "One thing that's helped me most in building my business has been bringing people from national accounts and advertising agencies down here on hunting and fishing trips," he says. "You can say all you want for the carpeted office and the shiny-topped desk, but this is country where you can combine business with pleasure and form lasting friendships. For entertaining a client, give me a White River float trip every time!"

KWTO fans of a number of years ago still write in to ask us about John Pearson, what he's doing, why he isn't on the air. One of Ralph Foster's favorite stories has to do with a float trip he once took with Don McNeill of Breakfast Club fame and several other nationally important radio celebrities. It was five or six years after Pearson had left KWTO. As the boats drifted along below the mouth of Beaver Creek, a bearded fellow stuck his head out of the brush along the bank.

"That there the KWTO party?" he called. "Sure is," Ralph replied. "Here's Don McNeill!"

"McNeill be blasted!" answered the hillbilly, angrily. "What in blazes did ya do with good ole Jawn Pearson?"

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

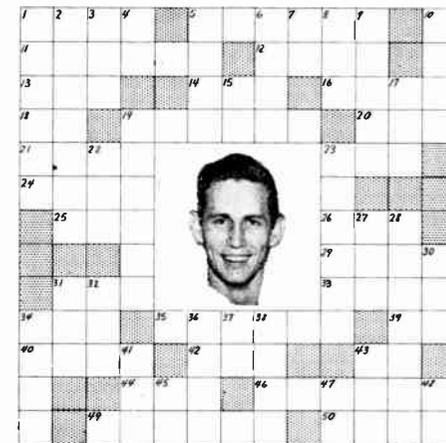
By Joe Slattery

ACROSS

1. and 5. Pictured star.
11. Told again.
12. Trim and tidy.
13. Man's name.
14. Before (poetic contraction of "ever").
16. Fishing is easier if you start out in one of these.
18. Adverb meaning "therefore."
19. Six singers or musicians.
20. To struggle or contend.
21. Shoot of a plant consisting of one or more buds.
23. Senator from Missouri.
24. Adjective meaning "just one."
25. Dialectic form of "old" meaning "old age."
26. Woman under Catholic religious vows.
29. Not fast.
31. What golfers like to make or break.
33. Invisible emanation from or about a person.
34. Angry.
35. Begs.
39. Plural pronoun.
40. Stops.
42. Snake-like fish.
43. Note in the scale.
44. A fish swims with this.
46. Address.
49. Margarine long advertised on KWTO's afternoon newscast.
50. Pain.

DOWN

1. Young Dr. Malone's favorite shortening.
2. Principal feminine character in a play or novel.
3. Seventh letter of Greek alphabet.
4. Toward.
5. Fruit drinks.
6. Leg joint.
7. Stenographer's abbreviation meaning "to wit."
8. Slang for "arrest."
9. You cook on this.
10. Spouse.
15. Right (ab.).
17. To point or direct a weapon.
19. U. S. Secretary of the Treasury.
22. Abbreviation for "oo, la, la!" (We're stretching things here.)
23. The wheat state.
27. Eskimo knife.
28. Pharmacal company sponsoring "The Fat Man." (Also a city in Conn.)
30. Dialectic English for "woe."
31. Container for cooking.
32. To total up.



34. Lumber dealer sponsoring "Man on the Street."
36. Girl's name.
37. The middle of "seed." (This is tough!)
38. Too.
41. San Francisco Railroad (ab.).
43. French for "dry."
45. Same as 7 down.
47. Each (ab.).
48. Masculine personal pronoun.

WHO ARE THEY?

... NAME THE STARS

Our earliest "Who Are They?" guesser last month was Mrs. E. G. Ayers of Lamar, with Mrs. Edd Carter of Stella, Maud Stotts of Pittsburg, Kan., Mrs. R. P. Cullers of Rocky Comfort, Kathryn Varner of Cassville and Mrs. Frances Cox of Harrison, Ark., right behind her. Only once every few months do we offer a prize in this little game, but Mrs. Ayers will receive an autographed photograph of her favorite KWTO-er, if she will write and tell us whose picture she'd like to have. Correct February answers were Alma Gene Cain and Mother Maybelle Carter.

See if you can figure out these. They're not easy!

1. So far as we know, only one KWTO star of the "sterner" sex used to be a country school teacher. You've been hearing him for a long time. Who is he?

2. A number of years ago, a young man used to listen to KWTO and admire another artist's style of playing. That young man copied the style, with great success, and is now a star in his own right.

Puzzled? Watch for the answer in the April Dial.

HILLBILLY HEARTBEATS . . .

BY MAY KENNEDY McCORD
"QUEEN OF THE OZARKS"

Greetings, friends!

How's the Spring Fever? Got the Garden Itch yet?

This is where you are going to get wised up, and it isn't going to cost you a penny . . . and maybe some laughs with it: Planting superstitions!

As for me, I'm a "moon-planter" and you couldn't change me. What the hillman calls the "dark of the moon" is the period from the full moon to the new, the decrease or waning of the moon. The other half of the lunar season, from the new moon to the full, when the moon is waxing or increasing in size, is known as the light of the moon. So says that wizard authority, Vance Randolph. And I was "fetched up" to believe all of it. I wonder what our astrologer friend says—What about it, Opal Porter?

Vegetables that grow underground, such as potatoes, turnips, beets, onions and the like, our Ozark ancestors planted in the dark of the moon. Otherwise they "all went to tops." Beans, peas, tomatoes and such that bear their edible crop above ground were planted in the light of the moon.

You used to get calendars and almanacs everywhere, and they always had all the "signs." You planted potatoes "when the sign's in the feet." You weaned your babies after the sign left "the middlin's, and was a-goin' down." Instead of using the constellations as the astrologers do, the old planting men planted by "the signs," and all farmers were agreed that potatoes should be dug in the light of the moon or they would rot.

March 17th, Saint Patrick's Day, was a great day to plant potatoes, and is yet. February is too soon. You remember that they didn't plant potatoes and onions close together because they said "an onion makes a tater cry its eyes out!" And truly, there is something queer about planting onions and potatoes too close together. They never do as well.

My folks planted beans when the sign was "in the arms." Have any of you an almanac? You can get them nowadays, but they are hard to find. Many people won't plant beans until "after the first whippoorwill hollers," and I think I told you before that you simply must plant your beans in the morning and not in the afternoon. Folks used to have a horror of burning seed bean hulls or pea hulls, because you wouldn't get a crop if you did. Perhaps that comes from the old idea we were all brought up on, that you mustn't destroy anything that could be eaten by man or beast. We would never

throw an apple core or peeling in the fire-place. They said you were "feeding the devil." Cucumbers had to be planted May first, before sunup, to protect the vines against insects. Also, cucumbers planted by a woman never amounted to anything. "Don't let your old womarn plant the pickles!" They said it took a fool to raise gourds and a jealous person to raise onions, a high-tempered person to raise peppers, and radishes had to be planted, my father said, kneeling on the ground. Many old-timers said that watermelons should be planted May the tenth, Sunday or not, and before sunrise.

People stick to Feb. 14 for planting lettuce, to this day. Vance Randolph said that one time, when Valentine Day fell on Sunday, the people at Kingston, Ark., got up before daylight to plant their lettuce so as not to be seen "breaking the Sabbath!" There was an old rhyme, "Sow your turnips the 25th of July, and you'll make a crop, wet or dry." One time Booth Campbell of Cane Hill, Ark., was discussing turnips with some of us. "Poor man's grub," we were saying, and Booth said, "Well, turnips beats nothin'. I've tried both!" As for me, I am very fond of turnips but they have to be good turnips or they don't even "beat nothin'!"

You know they always say that corn must be planted when the oak leaves are as big as squirrel's ears. Some planted corn right after the first doves cooed in the spring. And a good farmer never had his hair cut during the oats growing season. It ruined the crop! Lots of folks buried old shoes at the roots of peach trees, and they often drove nails into peach trees. Randolph said he could never find out the reason. (Ozarkians didn't tell everything they knew.) He said he tried to find out the reason from one old man and he growled, "Them's family matters!"

They used to say that a season that was good for tomatoes was bad for walnuts. And there is a belief in southern Missouri that if a season is good for a big yield of peaches, corn, wheat and oats will be scabby.

Otto Rayburn found many old timers who believed if it rained on June 20, the grapes would fall off the vines. Many hillfolks believed that you simply must cut your sprouts on the 9th or 10th of May or they would never grow again. The dates for cutting sprouts used to be a serious matter.

Uncle Jack Short at Galena, one of the
(Continued on page SEVENTEEN)

SCHEDULE FOR MARCH

WHAT'S GOING
ON AT KWTO?



WEEKDAYS AND SATURDAY

5:00 a. m.—Yawn Patrol
 5:45 a. m.—Rev. Dowell
 6:00 a. m.—Lonnie and Thelma
 6:15 a. m.—Down Home Folks
 6:15 a. m.—R. F. D. Roundup (S)
 6:30 a. m.—Goodwill Family
 6:30 a. m.—Robin Hood Hoedown (S)
 7:00 a. m.—Carter Family
 7:15 a. m.—Slim Wilson
 7:30 a. m.—Newscast
 7:45 a. m.—Yellow Bonnet Show
 7:45 a. m.—Goodwill Family (S)
 8:00 a. m.—Zed Tennis
 8:15 a. m.—Lexie White Show
 8:15 a. m.—Musical Interlude (S)
 8:25 a. m.—Weatherman Williford
 8:30 a. m.—Breakfast Club—ABC
 8:30 a. m.—Jordanaires (S)
 8:45 a. m.—Rev. Hitchcock (S)
 9:00 a. m.—Freddie Martin Orchestra
 9:00 a. m.—Breakfast at Keller's (S)
 9:15 a. m.—One Man's Opinion—ABC
 9:20 a. m.—Program Notes
 9:25 a. m.—Betty Crocker—ABC
 9:30 a. m.—Farm News, Markets (S)
 9:45 a. m.—Newscast
 10:00 a. m.—Saddle Rockin' Rhythm
 (M-W-F)
 10:00 a. m.—Robin Hood Hoedown (T-Th)
 10:00 a. m.—Meet Your Neighbor (S)
 10:15 a. m.—Kitchen Talks
 10:30 a. m.—Guide to Happier Living
 10:30 a. m.—What's New (S)
 10:45 a. m.—Slim Wilson
 11:00 a. m.—Ozark Farm Hour
 11:00 a. m.—Lonnie and Thelma (S)
 11:15 a. m.—Markets
 11:15 a. m.—Hillbilly Hit Tunes (S)
 11:20 a. m.—Farm Hour
 11:30 a. m.—Ark. Conservation Comm. (S)
 11:45 a. m.—Farm Front (S)
 12:00 noon—The Carter Family
 12:15 p. m.—Goodwill Family
 12:30 p. m.—Newscast
 12:45 p. m.—Man on the Street
 1:00 p. m.—Linda's First Love
 1:00 p. m.—Metropolitan Opera—ABC (S)
 1:15 p. m.—Ma Perkins
 1:30 p. m.—Young Dr. Malone
 1:45 p. m.—Judy and Jane
 2:00 p. m.—Bride and Groom
 2:30 p. m.—Korn Kobblers

2:45 p. m.—Lonnie and Thelma
 3:00 p. m.—Ladies Be Seated—ABC
 3:25 p. m.—Ted Malone—ABC
 3:30 p. m.—Carter Family
 3:45 p. m.—Cornfield Follies
 4:00 p. m.—Creamo News
 4:15 p. m.—Markets
 4:25 p. m.—Do You Know
 4:30 p. m.—Weatherman Williford
 4:35 p. m.—Everett Mitchell (M-W-F)
 4:35 p. m.—Interlude (T-Th-S)
 4:45 p. m.—Rev. Hitchcock
 4:45 p. m.—Tea and Crumpets—ABC (S)
 5:00 p. m.—Hollis Warren (M-W-F)
 5:00 p. m.—Guest Star ((T-Th)
 5:00 p. m.—Four Knights (S)
 5:15 p. m.—Ozark Newsettes
 5:30 p. m.—J. Armstrong—ABC (M-W-F)
 5:30 p. m.—Sky King—ABC (T-Th)
 5:30 p. m.—Here's To Veterans (S)
 5:45 p. m.—Christian Science Program (S)
 6:00 p. m.—Newscast
 6:15 p. m.—Sports Spotlight
 6:30 p. m.—Lone Ranger—ABC (M-W-F)
 6:30 p. m.—Counterspy—ABC (T-Th)
 6:30 p. m.—Chandu—ABC (S)

SUNDAY PROGRAMS

6:30 a. m.—Pipes of Melody
 6:45 a. m.—Sunday Morning Reveries
 7:00 a. m.—Rev. Hitchcock
 7:30 a. m.—Jelly Elliott
 7:45 a. m.—Three-Quarter Time
 8:00 a. m.—Newscast
 8:15 a. m.—Sermons in Song
 8:30 a. m.—May Kennedy McCord
 8:45 a. m.—Al and Lee Stone
 9:00 a. m.—Message of Israel—ABC
 9:30 a. m.—The Southernares—ABC
 10:00 a. m.—Voice of Prophecy—ABC
 10:30 a. m.—Hour of Faith—ABC
 11:00 a. m.—Guidepost for Living
 11:15 a. m.—First Baptist Church
 12:00 noon—Voice of the Army.
 12:15 p. m.—Cote Glee Club
 12:30 p. m.—Sermons in Song
 1:00 p. m.—Newscast
 1:15 p. m.—Drury Quarter Hour
 1:30 p. m.—Mr. President—ABC
 2:00 p. m.—Senator Kem
 2:15 p. m.—National Guard Show
 2:30 p. m.—Southern Baptist Hour—ABC
 3:00 p. m.—Cavalcade of Music
 3:30 p. m.—Voices That Live—ABC
 4:00 p. m.—Think Fast—ABC
 4:30 p. m.—Greatest Story—ABC
 5:00 p. m.—Drew Pearson—ABC
 5:15 p. m.—Monday Headlines—ABC
 5:30 p. m.—Music With the Girls—ABC
 6:00 p. m.—Where There's Music—ABC
 6:30 p. m.—Amazing Mr. Malone—ABC
 7:00 p. m.—Stop the Music—ABC

8:00 p. m.—Walter Winchell—ABC
 8:15 p. m.—Jergens Journal—ABC
 8:30 p. m.—Chance of a Lifetime—ABC
 9:00 p. m.—Lutheran Hour—ABC
 9:30 p. m.—Newscast
 9:45 p. m.—George Sokolsky—ABC
 10:00 p. m.—News of Tomorrow—ABC
 10:15 p. m.—Thoughts in Passing—ABC
 10:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra—ABC
 11:00 p. m.—News, Orchestra—ABC

MONDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—Ethel and Albert—ABC
 7:30 p. m.—Henry J. Taylor—ABC
 7:45 p. m.—Spotlight on Industry
 8:00 p. m.—Treasury Show—ABC
 8:30 p. m.—Solo and Soliloquy—ABC
 9:00 p. m.—American Art Orchestra—ABC
 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
 10:15 p. m.—Ted Malone—ABC
 10:30 p. m.—Gems for Thought—ABC
 10:35 p. m.—Orchestras—ABC
 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

TUESDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—Challenge of the Yukon—ABC
 7:30 p. m.—Gentlemen of the Press—ABC
 8:00 p. m.—America's Town Meeting—ABC
 8:30 p. m.—Proudly We Hail
 9:00 p. m.—Time for Defense—ABC
 9:30 p. m.—It's Your Business—ABC
 9:45 p. m.—Robt. R. Nathan—ABC
 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
 10:15 p. m.—Ted Malone—ABC
 10:15 p. m.—Gems for Thought—ABC
 10:35 p. m.—Orchestras—ABC
 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

WEDNESDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—Mo. Savings Bonds Division
 7:05 p. m.—Through the Listening Glass
 7:30 p. m.—Casebook of Greg. Hood—ABC
 8:00 p. m.—Sherlock Holmes—ABC
 8:25 p. m.—Johnny Desmond—ABC
 8:30 p. m.—Buzz Adlam's Playroom—ABC

9:00 p. m.—Salon Serenade
 9:30 p. m.—On Trial—ABC
 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
 10:15 p. m.—Ted Malone—ABC
 10:30 p. m.—Gems for Thought—ABC
 10:35 p. m.—Orchestras—ABC
 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

THURSDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—Challenge of the Yukon—ABC
 7:30 p. m.—A Date With Judy—ABC
 8:00 p. m.—Original Amateur Hour—ABC
 8:45 p. m.—Robert Montgomery—ABC
 9:00 p. m.—Author Meets Critic—ABC
 9:30 p. m.—Go to the Met—ABC
 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
 10:15 p. m.—Ted Malone—ABC
 10:30 p. m.—Gems for Thought—ABC
 10:35 p. m.—Orchestras—ABC
 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

FRIDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—The Fat Man—ABC
 7:30 p. m.—This Is Your FBI—ABC
 8:00 p. m.—Ozzie and Harriet—ABC
 8:30 p. m.—The Sheriff—ABC
 8:55 p. m.—Champion Roll Call—ABC
 9:00 p. m.—Gillette Fights—ABC
 9:30 p. m.—American Sports Page—ABC
 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
 10:15 p. m.—Ted Malone—ABC
 10:30 p. m.—Gems for Thought—ABC
 10:35 p. m.—Orchestras—ABC
 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

SATURDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—Challenge of the Yukon—ABC
 7:30 p. m.—Hollywood Byline—ABC
 8:00 p. m.—Rayburn and Finch—ABC
 9:00 p. m.—Voices That Live—ABC
 9:30 p. m.—Visitin' Time
 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
 10:15 p. m.—Tops in Sports—ABC
 10:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra—ABC

MAYBELLE'S FRUIT MUFFINS

1¾ cups sifted all-purpose flour
 3½ teaspoons cream of tartar baking powder
 2 tablespoons sugar
 ¾ teaspoon salt
 1 egg, beaten
 1 cup milk
 2½ tablespoons melted margarine or butter
 1 cup blueberries or sliced cranberries
 3 tablespoons sugar
 ¼ cup sifted all-purpose flour
 Sift together flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Mix together egg, milk, and margarine, and add to dry ingredients, mixing just enough to dampen flour. Sprinkle fruit with sugar and flour, and add to muffin

mixture. Half fill greased muffin pans. Bake in hot oven at 425 degrees F. about 25 minutes. Makes 12, or just barely enough to go around at my house.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT—

Al Stone, Selby Coffeen's co-worker in manning the fabulous new transcribing equipment Chief Engineer Fritz Bauer has installed, got the biggest laugh of the month from Selby's suggestions about what to do if—embarrassingly—you fall down: "1. Just lie there. People will think you've fainted. 2. Get up gracefully and repeat. Then they'll think it's part of your act. 3. Start mopping the floor or street with your handkerchief. They'll think you work there."

THE SPOTLIGHT

(Continued from page SEVEN)

he, Foster and others had often "quartet-ed." He was there, as program director, chief announcer, soloist and everything else a beginning radio station demanded of its limited personnel until Foster and Art Johnson decided to open a station in Springfield, and Al came down with him as program director in 1932. The staff included a girl singer, Jenny Lee, pianist Les Barnett, and George Earle, so there was plenty for all of them to do, from singing to sweeping out.

In the years since, Al has filled many posts with the KWTO management, and has achieved indispensability in his present task—recording engineer. His fine ear for music and harmony makes him highly skilled master of the technique of "mixing" the music and voices on a recorded program, so that all blend smoothly, and he gets credit for much of the success of RadiOzark Enterprises in transcribing programs for use throughout the U. S. In addition to these demands, and the daily hymn he sings on the 12:15 program with Lee as accompanist, he and Lee play and sing for as many as four and five funeral services each week.

Music and laughter echo through the life of the Stone family. Jean (now Mrs. Woodrow Nickle of California) was always as much of a clown as her father, and was home with her parents when "Woody" was in Japan. (Her eldest child, Jimmy, was born here.) "We never needed to go to a show when Jean and Al got together," Lee says.

Dallas, the Stone's only son, has recently moved back to Springfield with his wife and three children, "because Houston, Mo., was too far from home." He is a lab technician at Producer's Creamery.

Janice, the youngest, ethereally blonde, with her father's coloring, is soloist at South Street Christian Church, teaches a Sunday School class, will be soloist with the combined church choirs when the Federated Council of Churches meets here. Al is devoting his spare time to a collection of sacred verse, most of it written by Ozarks people, and Janice helps with the typing.

And Lee is organist at the National Avenue Church, where her skill with Bach and Debussy, Beethoven and Handel is well appreciated.

A busy family? Never too busy to find summer days for fishing and a picnic, and an evening now and then to see a softball game. Never too busy to gather around the piano at home when friends drop in. Never too busy to take at least one motor trip a year in the way they love to travel

PORTSIDE PATTERN

BY GEORGE EARLE

I wish I were psychic! I wish I could peer into people's minds at least far enough to discover some interesting experience to discuss. Every person has had some interesting things happen in his life—incidents that would make entertaining listening on my Man-on-the-Street broadcasts. If only I knew how to get folks to talk about these occurrences, it would brighten the program!

You see, time is so short during the quarter hour that I can't always think of the right question to ask to get a person to bring such an experience to light. Often, after a broadcast is over, someone I have interviewed will stay and chat with me a moment, and mention a happening that would have sparked the interview considerably. Everybody got a laugh the day I called a tall, muscular man to the microphone and remarked that he looked like a policeman in plainclothes. I asked his name. "Kopp," replied the amused interviewee. "Ever done any police work?" So help me, he pulled from his pocket a gold star labeled "Chief of Police, Highlandville, Chicago!" He lives near Norwood where he and his wife raise chickens and Herefords.

Just the other day I learned after my broadcast that a man and his wife with whom I had talked had taken a family of displaced persons on their farm. On another occasion I learned that a man raised chinchillas as a hobby; still another man made and sold hand-carved hickory pipes and other novelties. A woman told me her step-son was a stunt man in the movies. A sweet old lady 85 years old had just taken her first airplane ride! A little boy had fallen out of a tree onto a turkey's back; the turkey's legs were broken but the lad was unhurt. A farmer had a pet pig that could count by grunts . . . How these things would have spiced our conversation!

So friends, if you chance to be around for one of my Man-on-the-Street broadcasts, I'd appreciate it very much if you'd speak right up and tell me about anything concerning you—an experience, a hobby, an unusual incident—that would brighten the broadcast. Don't be modest. Modesty is all right in its place, but think how you'll be helping me out!

—with Al driving slowly, and passersby staring at the open-mouth Stones, singing themselves hoarse from here to California!

"WONDERFUL" OZARKS . . .

BY GEORGE I. MIDDAGH,
ASSOCIATE COUNTY AGENT

Did you ever wonder what visitors think of these Ozark hills? Did it ever occur to you that the Ozarks are known from coast to coast, and, as a rule, go hand in hand with thoughts about long, lean, be-whiskered men who smell of corn "likker?" That the word "Ozark" brings to mind visions of shotgun weddings, women with corncob pipes, and bare-footed human beings? Well, believe it or not, even in this "enlightened" day and age, this stupid misconception does prevail in many parts of our nation!

I well remember the day that I first decided to become associated with the Missouri Extension Service. Professor Turk, a former Springfield resident, now head of the Animal Husbandry Department of Cornell University, told me one day that I could make no mistake in coming to Missouri. But even with all the build-up Professor Turk gave me, I left Cornell University with foolish notions of revenue agents staring me in the face at every turn.

All during that long drive across the eastern half of the United States, I found it difficult to convince myself that I was being very foolish. Then imagine my reaction when at long last I pulled up in front of a drug store in Lebanon, headquarters of my first assignment, and saw, right there on the sidewalk, men with beards covering their faces, women with old-fashioned dresses on, men with guns at their sides riding in ferocious-looking bands up and down the street! Yes, this was almost too much!

After sitting there awhile and collecting my wits, I decided that I might just as well try to obtain something to cool me off. The drug store right in front of me looked modern and inviting, in spite of the appearance of the people operating the place, so I slid onto a stool and took a long look at the individual behind the fountain. In spite of the cultured and educated tone of his voice, those red whiskers and tattered overalls made my heart sink. Had I made the mistake of my lifetime? The next five minutes were the longest and saddest of my life. Where in the world would you start if you were to work with these people? What kind of an Extension Service operated in this lost world? Just wait, I thought, till I tell Professor Turk about his beloved Ozarks!

I was still sitting there looking mournful when someone touched my arm and said, "Did you come all the way from New York just for our Fair?" I looked around and asked the fellow how he knew I was from

New York. He told me he had seen me drive up and had noticed New York tags on my car. He said he was on a reception committee, and thought perhaps the news of Lebanon's Centennial had spread as far as New York!

When he mentioned "Centennial," something clicked in my aching head and everything began to make sense. Here I was, a stranger to the Ozarks, dumped right in the middle of a Centennial celebration which had, for its main attraction, a beard-growing contest between the men of the town!

Yes, my first impression of these Ozarks was bewildering, but I am glad I found the truth in time. Suppose I hadn't found out about the Centennial Celebration when I did? I might have driven on! I might have missed the joys of being here and all the "Ozarkian" happiness I have since known!

HEARTBEATS

(Continued from page THIRTEEN)

fine old pioneers of a very old Ozarkian family, said he had killed big oak trees in May when the leaves had not quite reached their full size, just by making two or three deep cuts. The trees were positively not "ringed" or "girdled," as in an ordinary deadening, but the leaves shriveled up in about six hours! You remember how they used to keep a mule shoe always in the stove oven to keep hawks away from the chickens? Lots of people set a mule shoe in the mortar at the back of their chimney.

And so, on and on I could go. These strange superstitions—they must have come about somehow, maybe from much experimenting, the most reasonable of them, just as facts are discovered in the test tubes of laboratories. As Rayburn says, "We have no apologies for them." You may take them or leave them. Anyway, they go along with the history of civilization and the traditions of a race.

So plant your garden, go fishin' by the signs, and good luck to you!

With heaps and oodles of love,

MAY

And by the way, here's how you keep your dog at home: You cut a little hair off his tail and bury it under the corner of the house. Or you cut a green stick the length of the dog's tail, rub grease on it and bury it under the corner of the house. Anybody want to try it? As I heard one hillman say, "My ole houn' ain't worth the bother!"

DEAR DIAL:

QUESTION COLUMN

(Editor's Note: Questions must be received by the 16th of the previous month for inclusion in this column. Please include name and address for personal reply in case there is not sufficient space for your question.)

Q. Could we have George Morgan as Portrait of the Month? Does Chuck Bowers sing over any station? (A. A., Marshfield.)

A. We have a fine portrait of George that we'll use on the back cover in the next few months.. No, Chuck is not doing radio work now, but I hope he'll go back to it.

Q. How about a portrait of one of the Carters? Is Don Sullivan related to Floyd Sullivan? (N. L. H., Cedar Creek, Mo.)

A. We'll run one more group picture of the Carters, for recent subscribers who missed the one in the November issue, and then use them individually from time to time. Don and Floyd ("Sully") are no kin beyond the fact that they both have the same fine Irish name.

Q. What are Slim Wilson's politics? (Mrs. C. P., Kingston, Ark.)

A. Slim says he'd rather not say, because he believes in voting for the best man anyway, regardless of party.

Q. Where is Slim Wilson's home located? (Mrs. O. W., Springfield.)

A. Southwest of Springfield, near Brookline, Route 8.

Q. What is the name of the movie Zed and Shorty played in with Charles Starrett? (P. M., Lebanon, Mo.)

A. Eldorado Pass.

Q. Does Chuck Bowers intend to give up hillbilly and folk singing? (A. B., St. Louis, Mo.)

A. Surely not, especially since his voice is so well adapted to it.

Q. Who is this Eatherham Hobbs character? We think he is Lonnie. (C. B. I., Houston, Mo.)

A. Perhaps your question will be fully answered when we run a picture of Eatherham and Lonnie together in the next few months.

Q. When can we see pictures of the wives of Bill Bailey, Lou Black and Dale Parker? (M. C., Lebanon.)

A. Louise Bailey appears with Bill and Rhea Beth in this issue. Pat Black and Dixie Walker will be along soon. We try to picture each wife at least once during the course of every year.

Q. Why can't we hear Hollis Warren better? (Mrs. J. G. C., Iantha, Mo.)

A. KWTO has less power, and switches to a different kind of signal, after sundown.

★ FEBRUARY CROSSWORD PUZZLE



As the days grow longer, the clarity of all KWTO programs carried in the very late afternoon will increase.

Q. How much does June Carter weigh? (Mr. and Mrs. E. L. G., Springfield.)

A. June weighs 104. "And that," she says, "is with a pocketful of buckeyes."

Q. What became of Jim Simmons? Who is Williford's announcer at 8:25 a. m.? Do you know any particulars of George Morgan? (W. T. C., Monett, Mo.)

A. Jim returned to Kansas City, where he had lived for a number of years. C. C.'s morning announcer on KWTO is Loyd Evans. George Morgan left "Opry" recently, is a famous Columbia recording artist. Retail sales of his records were fifth highest in the folk music category last year. One of his latest successes is "Wedding Dolls" with Dinah Shore.

Q. How old are Shorty and Sue Thompson? Did she and her sister, Sally, ever sing over KFRU, Columbia? (D. R., Chamois, Mo.)

A. Sue is 36. Shorty is 41. The KFRU "Sue and Sally" is another team, also once heard over KWTO.

Q. Does Hollis Warren have a large family? (Mrs. J. O. B., Bolivar, Mo.)

A. Hollis has one younger sister at home, an older brother, lives with his widowed mother.

Q. How old is Maybelle Carter? Al and Lee Stone? (Mrs. A. A., Lowry, Ark.)

A. Maybelle is 40, Al and Lee 52.

Q. How tall is each of the Carters and Maybelle? Do they send out autographed pictures for so much? (J. C., Stockton, Mo.)

A. Maybelle is 5 feet, 1½ inches; Helen, 5 feet, 3 inches; Anita, 5 feet, 4 inches; June, 5 feet, 4½ inches. No, we have no arrangements for selling autographed pictures of KWTO stars.

THE PASSING PARADE

PHOTOS BY REUEL HAYMES

City folks seldom sit down to the sort of countrified meal Aunt Martha cooked for the guests at her birthday party for Shirley Jean Haworth and Bill Bailey—baked chicken and dressing, half-a-dozen vegetables including two kinds of potatoes, combination salad and two kinds of cake. She was grateful for Bunny Hesington's help with the dishes (right), as you can see from the grin on her face.

(Below): There are still more siamese cats in the KWTO family, and these are the pride of Mr. and Mrs. Wallis Fender. (He's one of the KWTO engineers who help give you clear programs.) Keh-Ming, the male, poses quietly with the hand of seven-year-old Terry Fender on his back, while Su-Yin, wild-eyed, is held by 12-year-old Jane. Like most Siamese, their favorite perches are high places. C. C. Williford saw this picture before publication and mourned once more for the Siamese kitten he lost last December, Simon Bolivar, pictured with him on the October Dial cover and subject of his "Fair and Warmer" column in the January Dial.



MRS. BARBARA LOWRY
FAIR PLAY, MO.
RT. 2

5-50

40

PAID



★ PORTRAIT OF THE MONTH—DALE PARKER HILLBILLY FROM INDIANA

If KWTO fans want to tune in the most tantalizingly talented banjo in the mid-west, these are the times: 8 a. m. for Staley Milling Co.; 10 a. m. Tues. and Thurs. and 6:30 Saturday mornings for Robin Hood Flour; the 10 a. m. Saturday Ike Martin show; the 10:45 a. m. Slim Wilson show for Biederman's, and the Farm Hour. We list every program that features Dale Parker

at the request of dozens of Dial readers with a fine ear for instrumental skill. Dale's claim to national fame is that of a composer of modern folk songs—"Evil, Tempt Me Not," "Little Angel With the Dirty Face" and "My Mother's Sweet Voice," among them. Although they've sold thousands and thousands of records, Dale remains as modest as when he settled here six years ago.